



THE STUDENT'S PEN

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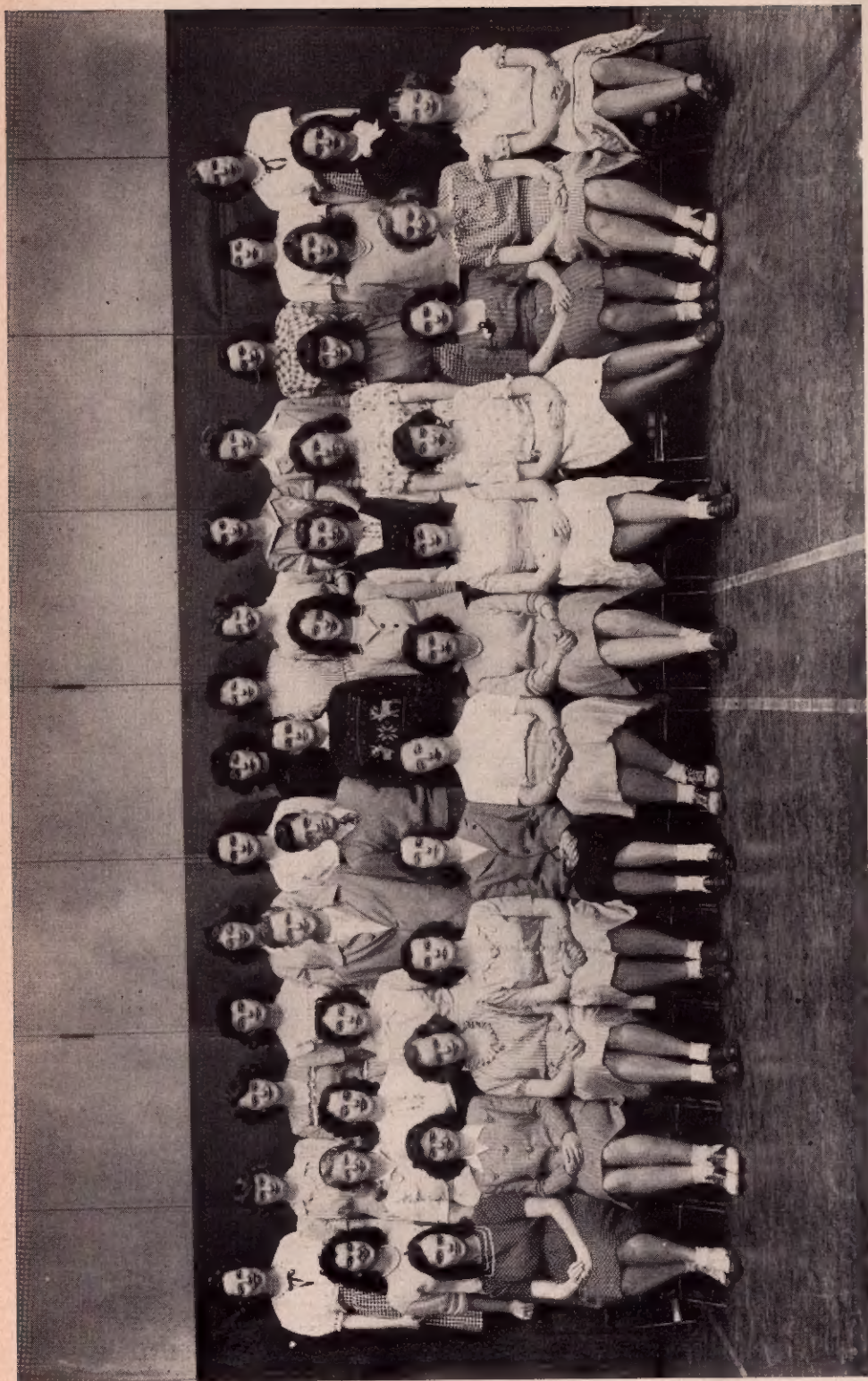
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ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

July 1946

Will, Work, Success

By Jane Howard

"THESE three things, Will, Work, Success, fill human existence. Will opens the door to success both brilliant and happy; Work passes these doors, and at the end of the journey Success comes to crown one's efforts."

We on the home front have witnessed these famous words of Louis Pasteur being utilized in one of history's most incredible feats. We have seen Will, sustained by the strong and determined Faith of freedom-loving peoples, displaying itself at home, in schools and factories, and on the many battlefields scattered about the earth. It has been Will that has encouraged us students to buy and to sell war bonds and stamps, aid in salvage drives, and back our fighting men in every possible way. It has been Will that has emboldened the farmer to be raking and hoeing before sunrise and the industrial worker to remain faithfully at his job. And it has been this same determined Will that has inspired the businessman, the college graduate, and the common laborer to sacrifice their happiness and security for muddy fox-holes.

Work has passed through these doors opened by Will. Work in selling stamps, collecting scrap, loading trucks, in daily writing V-Mail, studying and playing; in

hard, laborious hours of building planes tanks, and guns; ineffable toil and agony in fighting a war.

Then Success has come to crown our efforts. Success putting six nation-wide bond drives over the top, and rolling out hundreds of thousands of fighting implements. Success flying minute-man flags over schools. Success pinning "E's" on factory workers. And Success bringing us victory in Europe and the longed for V. E. Day. And it will be Will, and Work, and then Success to crown our efforts in the war against Japan.

We here on the home front are about to witness another heroic phase in history. We allied nations have won only half a war. We have reached only the mid-point of our final goal. Thousands of lives have already been sacrificed. Thousands more will be. We must not forget. We must not relinquish our efforts now. We must continue, ceaselessly, until final victory has been won. We shall move on, victorious. And we shall not forget this, their message:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe:

To you from failing hands we throw

The torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die

We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

AN ODE TO VICTORY

By Ann Wierum

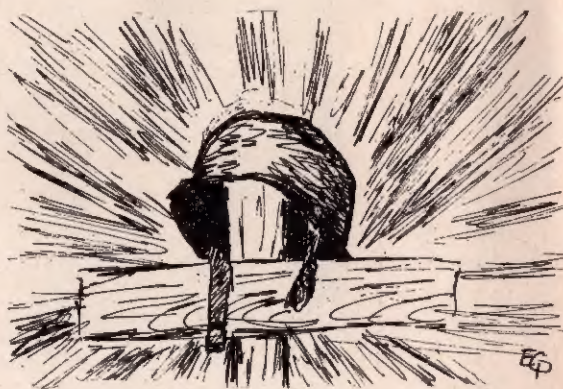
(Written for V-E Day Assembly)



A line of soldiers retreated
Slowly, wearily—
One foot after the other,
Their arms weighting them down,
Along the muddy roads of France.
They swarmed like black ants
On the wet sand—
Hundreds of them, thousands,—
And the planes screamed down
Onto these streams of men
Into the fire and smoke,
While the boats hovered desperately
Waiting for more men.
That was at Dunkerque—

Behind the blackened images of palms
The sunrise came early on one Sunday,—
A red sky of man's making,—
And huge clouds of grey smoke
Obscured the black wreckage
And the burning ships.
That was at Pearl Harbor—

Never shall we forget those days.
Their names will go down in history
As days of treachery and horror
And despair.
Those were the dark days.

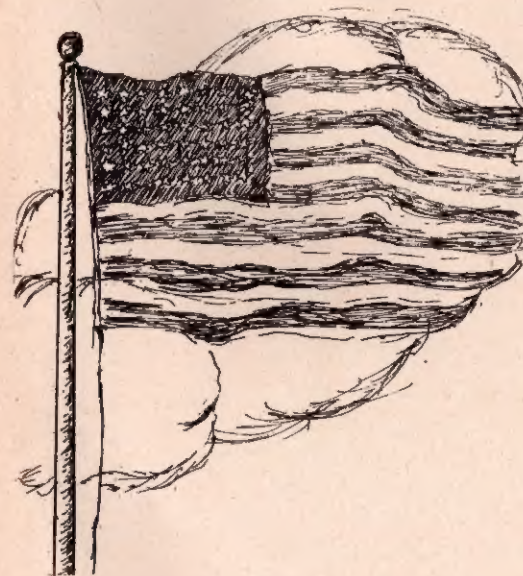


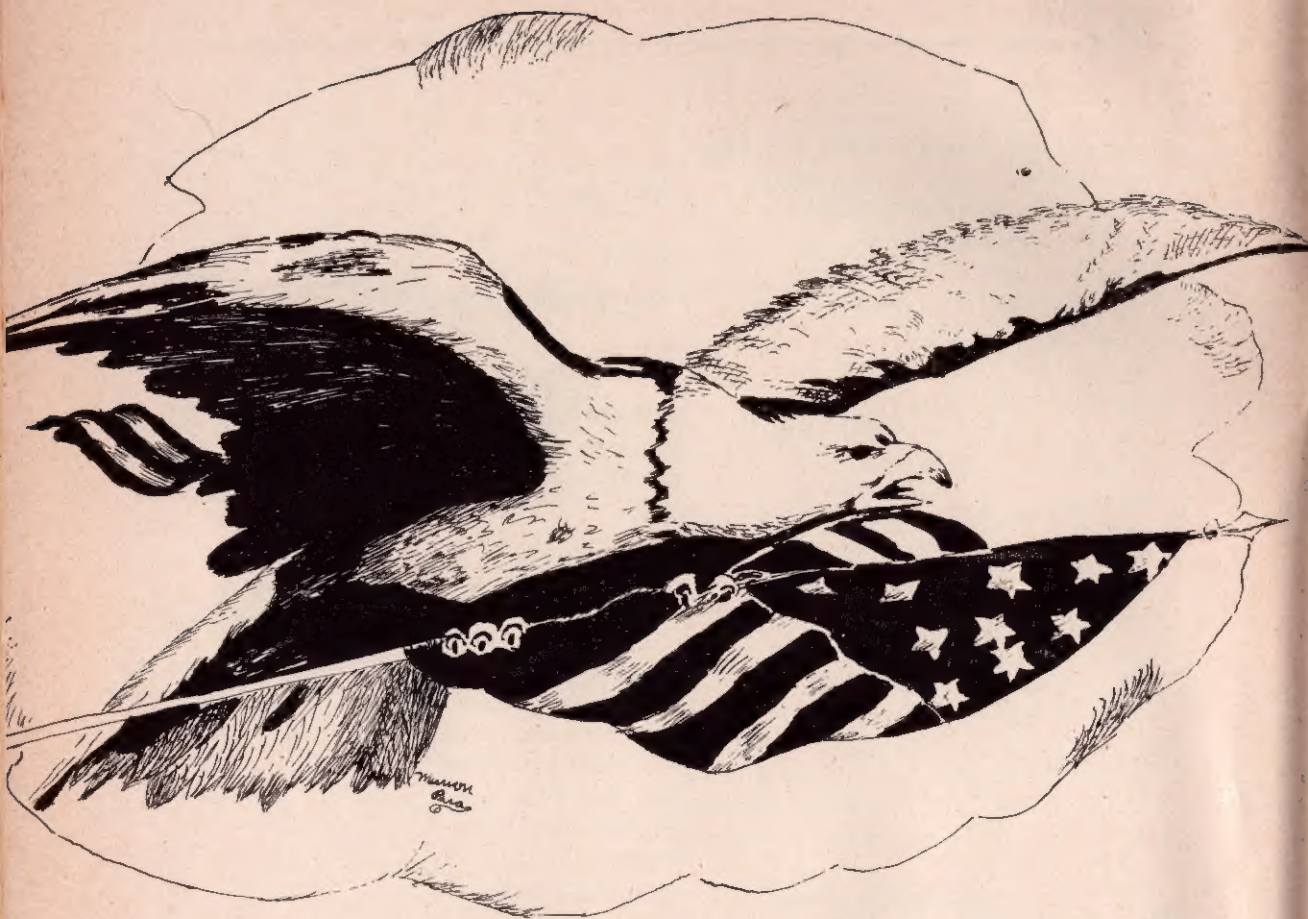
A battle raged along the coasts of France,
And the blood, and sweat, and tears
Of men helped win that beachhead,
And helped them sweep on
Along the muddy roads of France—
Retraveling those same roads
Of four long years ago—
Till they reached the river
And the greatest battle began—
Two armies locked in a death struggle
On the banks of the River Rhine.
Charging—
Gasping—
Grappling—
On the banks of the old river
Of songs and dreams.
Then the tide broke
And our armies swept across.
It was the end of the beginning
And the beginning of the end.



We have climbed a hill since those first days
Of war's dark beginning.
It has been long and hard,
And many have fallen,
And many have died,
And all have suffered—
Whether in mind or body,
All have suffered
The anguish and the drudgery
Of war.

We have climbed a hill since then,
Even unto the heights of victory.
We have gazed upon the desert, plain, and
cloud,
Of war, and peace, and immortality.
And freedom's high endeavor has resolved
That all the people of the earth should see
A world of peace and brotherhood of man,
Where freedom's flag shall wave eternally.





P. H. S. Gold Star Honor List

"Here dead lie because we did not choose
To live and shame the land from which we sprung.
Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose;
But young men think it is, and we were young."

A. E. Housman

Seaman John E. Allard	ex-1944	Lieut. Harriet E. Bridge	1932
2nd Lieut. Charles J. Alessio	1939	Lieut. Robert R. Buck	1934
Pfc. John R. Amber	ex-1939	Pfc. George P. Burton	1941
Pvt. Orlando Angelo	ex-1939	2nd Lieut. Arthur R. Carmel	1941
S/Sgt. Ferdinand Arigoni	1934	T/5 Robert W. Carmel	1932
2nd Lieut. Robert F. Bastow	1936	WT 1/c Harold A. Coates	1940
Pvt. Joseph A. Bernardo	ex-1937	Sgt. Attilio Centofanti	1941
2nd Lieut. Bernhardt Bialor	1938	S/Sgt. Francis P. Conroy	ex-1927
Pvt. Lawrence R. Blair	ex-1942	Pvt. Elisha Pomeroy Cutler	1938
Ph. Mate Richard Boos	ex-1944	Pvt. John Daniels	ex-1922
Pfc. Louis J. Boucher		Seaman Raymond DeBlois	1942

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Mate Albert I. Denison	1938	Pfc. Harrison McKin	ex-1929
Sgt. Herant J. Dicranian	1942	Pvt. Charles E. McNeil	ex-1943
Pvt. Jerome J. Dimise	ex-1945	Pfc. Leon J. Mermet	1939
Pfc. Gerald J. Dube	ex-1945	Pfc. Henry R. Morris	1942
Gunners Mate Alfred F. Duda	1942	Sgt. William E. Norton	1939
1st Lieut. William O. Dwyer	1935	Cpl. Joseph A. Paduano	1941
Cpl. Thomas Fehily	1943	Pvt. Benjamin Perlman	1934
Mate Chester Foley Jr.	1939	WT 1/c Paul Pharmer	ex-1933
Lieut. H. Austin Foote	1935	Seaman James F. Pierce	ex-1942
Pfc. Richard Foote	1943	Seaman Francis Armor Pike	ex-1942
Lieut. Shirley E. Gardner Jr.	1938	Pfc. Arthur Poulton	ex-1939
Pvt. Teresio Garrone	1941	Pvt. John J. Quirk	1939
Mate Elliot P. Gates	ex-1942	Pvt. Edward Race	ex-1943
1st Lieut. George Gerst	1923	Cpl. Nicholas R. Rapkowicz	ex-1939
Pfc. Harry W. Gough	1939	Pvt. Burl F. Reynolds	ex-1944
2nd Lieut. Stewart B. Green	1937	S/Sgt. Ralph G. Ringey	1943
Pvt. John J. Grady	1940	S/Sgt. Edward Rodriguis	1941
S/Sgt. Claude Robert Halford	1941	Pvt. Edward J. Rogers	1943
Cpl. Ralph Hanson	1937	EM 3/c Roman Sadlowski	1939
Pvt. Ernest G. Henault	ex-1941	Pvt. Michael Sangiovanni	1940
Pfc. Edward H. Jadatz	1943	Maj. Ivanhoe Harrison Sclater Jr.	1933
Cpl. Tech. Albert Jaffe	1939	Pfc. Louis J. Scully Jr.	ex-1942
2nd Lieut. John J. Kennedy	1939	Sgt. James E. Senter	1940
Sgt. Thomas J. King	1939	Seaman Walter J. Shields	1936
Lieut. James Koulgeorge	1938	Lieut. Clement J. Smith	1941
Cpl. William Kowalczyk	1941	Seaman Edward Smith	1942
Pvt. Bohdin Kruch	1942	S/Sgt. Edward Louis Stepnowski	1941
Lieut. Linwood D. Langley	1939	Pfc. Paul C. Sullivan	1933
Pfc. Robert T. Lindsay	1940	Pfc. Noel Theboda	1941
Pvt. William Lis	ex-1939	2nd Lieut. Stanley Tysiewski	1942
Cpl. James Lum	1938	Pfc. Joseph Valente	1936
Lieut. Ralph Magri	1937	S/Sgt. Charles Valente	1937
Sgt. Peter J. Malloy Jr.	1939	Brig. Gen. Nelson M. Walker	1911
Musician John S. McAvoy		Pfc. George J. Walsh	ex-1945
Seaman 1/c Edward McCarron	ex-1944	Pvt. Douglas M. Wilbur	ex-1936
Cadet John Wilkinson	1942		

To complete the Gold Star list of Pittsfield High School graduates and former students who have given their lives in the service of our country, THE STUDENT'S PEN lists those already on this roll. The school would appreciate the assistance of PEN readers in correcting and completing this list. Please telephone the office 4564 or write to The High School, East St., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

THE soldier slumped wearily against the gnarled oak tree. His gun lay at his side ready for instant use. He had no real cause for fear, for the enemy's command had been, "Cease firing," and that had been many days ago. Yet in his heart he could not trust these people. His best friend and constant companion had died at his side by one of their bullets. His commander had been wounded by one of their shells. How was it possible to trust and to forgive these people who had taken away so much from the world, who had ruined lives and destroyed the happiness of millions of homes?

The soldier, seized by some unknown power, stood up and gazed intently at the heavens. He need not throw himself to the ground at the sound of whistling bullets or exploding shells, for all signs of these had disappeared, but for one so used to such confusion the silence seemed strange and almost frightening. He flung his head back and breathed great gulps of the fresh clean air, free from choking smoke and the smell of decaying flesh. They had said the war was over. He had been ordered to cease firing unless fired upon, but the order could not and did not seem true.

When they had occupied the tiny village, they had been given permission to rest on the doorsteps of the half demolished houses or to wander through the surrounding fields to freshen their minds once again, with the delightful feeling of the firm green earth beneath their feet instead of black ankle-deep mud. The soldier had wished to be alone, so he had wandered up a little hill overlooking the village and had claimed its only tree as his resting place.

Now as he stood on the hilltop and looked

at the star-studded heavens, a feeling of joy flowed through him. He was free from the horrible task of killing. He would go home soon. Maybe he would fight the other enemy first, but he would go back—back to his beloved land some day.

Still looking at the sky, he leaned against the tree and rubbed his calloused fingers against its surface. The bark was quick and alive beneath his touch. Perhaps the tree, too, felt the gladness of freedom. How wonderful it must be for the millions of people, who, for the first time in many years, had experienced the thrill of their deliverance from horror and fear and oppression. He had seen, fought, and killed enough of the enemy to be able to realize the joy of the liberated. Freedom he thought, means little unless one has been deprived of it. How desperately the early settlers in America struggled against tyranny and injustice. How valiantly they fought for their freedom. And how casually their descendants regarded this precious gift which had been handed down to them. Only those who have experienced cruel domination can know the importance of freedom. Even he, the soldier thought, who had fought for this priceless thing, did not understand its meaning entirely. But he knew that in every time and in every land there have been lovers of freedom who have kept its light burning through the dark years of intolerance and oppression. When tyrants sought to extinguish it, they sheltered the tiny flame even with their lives.

The soldier dropped to his knees and thanked God that the new day of freedom had come; the forces of darkness had been put to flight. Reverently he murmured: "The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness cannot put it out."

Telegram

By Betty Burgess

"I'M coming, I'm coming!" Mary called to the door. She whisked off her apron, tucked a wisp of gray hair behind her ear, and opened the door.

"Telegram for Mrs. John Bailey. Sign here, please."

After the boy had gone, Mary stared at the yellow envelope. Then, somewhat heavily, she sat on the nearest chair available. A sense of foreboding came over her. The telegram was from the Navy Department. Joe—was he . . . ? No, that couldn't be. Not Joe. Never! But . . . ?

As she sat there, memories of Joe filled her mind. How Joe, when he was a baby, took to water so much that he cried for his bath. How, from the time he learned to walk, he loved to swim. (She recalled one spring when, unknown to his parents, he played hookey from school so that he could go swimming, and his teacher sent a note home inquiring why Joe was absent so often). How his eyes widened with worshipful awe that Christmas when his father gave him his first toy sailboat. How, later, he built canoes and rowboats himself, boats that half the time sank or at least leaked, and how proud he was when he built the one which actually stayed afloat. He named it after "the girl down the street." How he began to win swimming meets and boating races, and how modest he was when he did. ("Oh, that was nothing, any guy coulda done it.") And how, when the war came, he had approached his father and mother, and calmly, in his peculiar shy manner, standing very tall and looking like a man, had announced that he had enlisted in the Navy. That seemed logical, but how surprised his parents had been. But how miserable and proud, too.

Mary shook her head as if to rid herself of these memories. Setting her chin, she tore open the envelope. The words which stared her in the face seemed to laugh at her attempted composure. She swallowed. There was an ache in her throat which steadily hurt more. Her eyes became moist. At last it came—a mother's tears and sobs—with a prayer in her heart.

Subsiding, she thought first she'd call John at the office; on second thought she decided that she should tell him in person. One couldn't telephone such a thing as—*as this!*

She shakily entered her husband's office, summoning her courage.

"John,"—she began immediately, but she paused and fumbled with her purse, "John—we received a telegram from the Navy Department today." She couldn't seem to finish.

John remembered the first telegram stating that Joe was missing in action. "Joe—is—dead?" He forced out the words.

Mary looked at him with eyes brimming over. "No, dear. You see—Joe's been rescued by a destroyer. Joe is safe!"

SUBWAY

By John Moran

Man-made caverns; discordant sound of
hurrying humanity
And crashing steel on steel
Of clicking turnstiles; roaring trains
And awesome noise of rail-held wheel.

Blackened tunnels; sudden glare of teeming
stations
And crashing steel on steel
Of hissing cardoors; tired straphangers
And awesome noise of rail-held wheel.

Don't Take Latin

By Mildred Kinghorn

BECAUSE I can't quote any Latin phrases (other than "tempus fugit", "habeas corpus" and "amo vincit omnia") and because I don't know or care about volitive subjunctives, I may remind you of the man in the story who "comes before you to stand behind you and tell you something he knows nothing about."

Now, I didn't wish to take another year of Latin. "Hateful old subject," I told myself—often. And way back in June, 1943, after I'd slammed shut Caesar's *Gallic Wars* (hard!) and disposed of the many times monogrammed paper jacket that covered J. C., I vowed a typically sophomoric vow: "Never again."

Vows. Knights of old made them. Whenever and wherever a crowd gathered you'd find a knight, his spirited steed supplying a romantic background, dramatically vowing vows for all to hear. All, being duly impressed, would run and spread the news that Sir Knock Knees was a great and noble knight. Soon, everyone would be impressed.

But even though I vowed my vow in every conspicuous spot, no one seemed particularly interested. I found this was because nearly everyone else had also dropped Latin, which made my vow sound rather flat and trite around third floor lockers (where most sophomores were in those days). So I stopped shouting it around the school.

During the next year I could hardly believe my luck: my friends were tearing their hair over Cicero's denunciation of Cataline, and there I was, sitting calmly in their midst, filing my nails and thanking Providence that I'd been able to avoid Miss Conlon's eye when she got that recruiting (more Latin students) look in it.

And then I became a senior. I decided to take advantage of a senior's sacred privilege:

asking Miss Parker to look up my marks. (I'm not sure that this is a senior's privilege, really. I've never seen anyone but seniors exercise it, that's all). Being a senior is funny. As a soph and a junior you take it easy. You know you'll pass because look who you are. Haven't you been in the lower part of the top half of your class all your life, and that's passing isn't it? This thought is a hangover from your Junior High days, when being a brain in English often helped keep you from getting flunked out of algebra. This sad fact is driven home the day Miss Parker looks up from your marks (N. B. Does anyone know why you can't see them yourself?) and says: "Well, Mildred, you're all set for graduation, but you're minus a credit for college. You'll need fifteen and you have only fourteen."

You've heard of people being desperate—drowning men clutching at straws. The straw in this case was Miss Conlon's offer that I join the happy ranks of her fourth year Latin Class to fill in where someone had dropped out. I clutched. What else could I do? I'd broken so many vows by this time (I wouldn't wear high heels, I wouldn't wear lipstick—). Besides, one more year of Latin meant ten more points which equals one more credit—Mass. State, I hear you callin'!

The fourth year of Latin deals with the "Aeneid" by Virgil. It's all about Troy and the Trojan Horse. A vocabulary was furnished on every page. It began to sound pretty good. The homework assignments were easy. I was very suspicious at first. This was a little too good. But after eight months of Latin I am somewhat less skeptical. Once in a while we hit an optative subjunctive that I can't translate during the

fifteen minutes before school starts and I have to rely on a sight translation, but these instances are rare.

The modern girl who pursues her swain over the telephone takes her cue from Queen Dido, who waxed ardent over the pious Aeneas and eventually burned up—literally. And you boys who adhere to the love 'em and leave 'em tactics have nothing on pious Aeneas. The gory detailed descriptions of battles—these are the things that make Latin fun!

V-E DAY

By Betty Burgess

Silence sounds tonight.
Even here, where flames were bright,
Cannons roared, and hearts had fright,
Dying men made crosses white—
Now, silence, heavy, deep.

Silence now. Instead,
Hours ago they felt the lead
Pierce their brains and leave them dead,
Smelt the stench, and saw the red
Of blood, in slow streams creep.

America is glad—
Church bells ring,
People sing,
"The war is won,
Let's have fun,
Why be sad?"

Thus they are repaid?—
Those who fought and fell and prayed,
That a world of peace be made—
By careless joy and effort stayed?
Is this the faith we keep?

FOR YOU

By Gertrude Giese

A cemetery stands upon a hill;
At the head of every grave there stands a cross.
A soldier named Joe Green lies here. He died
A month ago—found on the road which leads
To the front. Here is the grave of Bobby Jones.
He was found among the dead upon the field
Along the road. A fellow named Jim Smith
Was buried in this grave. He died—I don't
Know how he died! And here beneath this earth
Lies, free from torture and starvation, some
Poor man whose hopes of glory were suppressed
By the harsh treatment of our ruthless foe.
Oh, all these men who lie at last in peace
Held one great hope close to courageous hearts.
Each died a different death, and yet their purpose
Was the same: to bring a lasting peace
To this war-torn and devastated world.

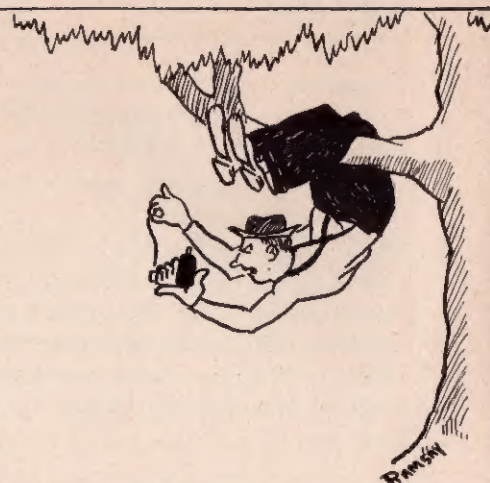
A cemetery stands upon a hill
At the head of every grave there stands a cross.
Pray for these men who died to save your world;
Silently and reverently bow down
Your head, and pray for those who gave their lives
So willingly, inconspicuously for you.

RAIN

By Jean C. May

Down you come in silver sheets,
Pounding, thrashing—
Across the emerald grass you beat,
Sweeping, slashing.
The air is damp, the sky is gray,
Can this be then the month of May?

WHO'S WHO



GERTRUDE GIESE

RATING—A-1

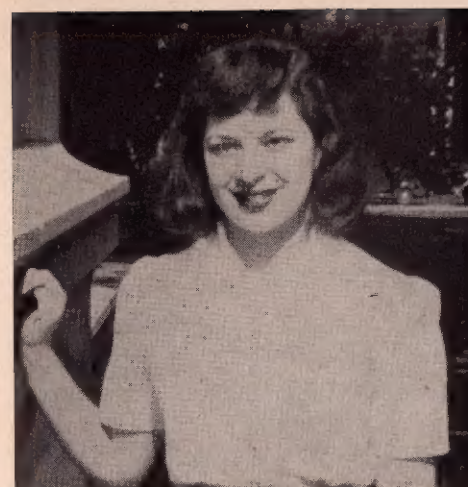
Gertrude (her nicknames range from "Gert" to "Trudy") Giese is a *petite* miss, a quiet, shy, but pert package of artistic ambition and ability. She hopes that, after attending Middlebury (Vt.) College, she will write and illustrate her own stories. Now, a junior, she is Poetry Editor for the *PEN*; and she confides that she wants to get more than a "B" in drawing (attention, Mr. Curtin!). Among her likes are sports (she plays baseball, ping-pong, field hockey, volleyball) peanuts, and doing the rhumba with a certain redhead! If you don't know this little lady, you don't know what pleasure you're missing!

TRACK STAR

Meet Paul Rich, shot-putter and discus thrower of the Track Team and member of the PHS Debating Club. This husky dark-haired senior enjoys all his classes with the exception of a certain history period (???). Strangely enough he likes all types of food and girls in great quantities, he states. With skiing as tops in sports he hopes to become an electrical-engineer some day graduating from Worcester Polytechnic Institute of Technology. Till he's shocking us all some day with his experiments, we say good-luck, Paul.



PAUL RICH



BETTY SECUNDA

CONCERT MISTRESS

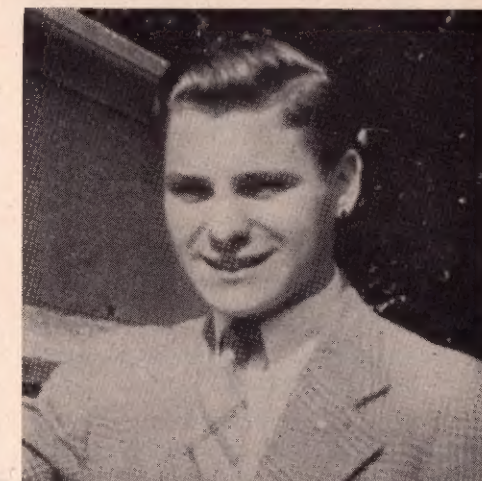
The new concertmistress for next year's orchestra has been selected. Here she is—Betty Secunda. For those of you who heard her solo in the April concert, there is no need of speaking further of her musical skill. Betty would like to become a great violinist someday, but at present, she hopes to do as grand a job as her predecessor as concertmistress.

"Anchors Away" is her favorite song and we've heard that her name is in the address books of some sailors. Popular lady!

Our new concertmistress is quite a tennis fan, so if you happen to be going by the Girl's League you might see her whizzing about the court and giving a skilful overhand hit to her opponent.

FREEDOM SALESMAN

Who is that versatile senior—Chairman of Class Day, track star, football hero, and honor student—all in one? As if you didn't know! It's none other than our own Ugo Alessio. His interests in life include red-heads, (singular, wasn't it, Ugo?), football, mashed potatoes and steak (???). His ambition? Uncle Sam's Navy! Best of luck to you, Admiral!



UGO ALESSIO

ONE OF TWO

Students of P. H. S., gather 'round and meet Damon Phinney, that handsome senior with a flair for wit and the tendency to blush at the slightest provocation.

His extra-curricular activities are the Student Council and the football and track teams. In his spare moments you can find him either drinking a glass of cold milk (favorite food) or participating in sports such as fishing, swimming, and hunting (strictly game).

Damon's present ambition is to get in the A.S.T.R.P., and with the qualities he possesses we're sure he'll attain his goal.



Mr. Strout Addresses the Student Body on V-E Day

LIBRARY COLUMN

Meet Corliss Archer

By F. Hugh Herbert

Reviewed by Jean O'Brien

WITH the coming of spring the traditional adage of sulphur and molasses is brought once more to our attention.

However, my suggestion for an exhilarating tonic, one which will leave you with all the gaiety that spring suggests, is to "Meet Corliss Archer."

I'm sure you'll like her. She has all the tantalizing facetiousness of the typical energetic adolescent. However, she experiences none of the fantastic adventures of the much publicized "bobby-soxer." Instead, the every day life of a wholesome American family is related with delightful and genuine humor.

When you read of Corliss's unorthodox treatment of homework, her shameless beguilement of her father, her sadistic scorn of the adoring Dexter, you might find some minute resemblance to yourself. Certainly if you have a little brother, you will find a familiar note in the exploits of Raymond.

One of the most human of the many amusing incidents related is Corliss's attempt to become the charming sophisticate before a handsome young stranger, and her family's ingenuous method of ending the pretense.

F. Hugh Herbert has patterned the irresistible Corliss and her inseparable friend, Mildred, after his own teen-age daughters. This accounts for the atmosphere of reality which prevails throughout the book.

Once you become acquainted with the Archer family you will find it impossible to tear yourself away from their magnetic influence.

Won't you drop in at your library and ask to be put on the waiting list to "Meet Corliss Archer"?

All-American

By John Tunis

Reviewed by Lois Shipton

UPON opening "All-American", the reader finds Ronny Perry, star half-back on the Academy football team, sizing up the fellows on the local high school team. Let's see—there are Meyer Goldman, who tackled Ronny, and Jim Stacey, that red-headed roughneck! These, and all the others, formed a very disagreeable bunch, thought Ronny.

As the game progressed, it was obvious that the Academy would have to fight and fight *hard* for a victory this year. It was during the last few seconds of the game that the accident happened. Ronny could hardly feel victorious when he thought of Goldman's sudden trip to the hospital and the final diagnosis of a broken neck as a result of Ronny's powerful tackle.

Ronny felt very uncomfortable when he surveyed the situation; he refused the captaincy of the football team at the Academy; he made daily trips into town to see Goldman and endured all that he could from the Academy fellows who continually be-



PAUL RICH



V-E DAY ASSEMBLY



Mr. Strout Addresses the Student Body on V-E Day

On May 9, a special V-E Day assembly was held in commemoration of the victory of Allied armies in Europe. The program opened with the impressive ceremony of the salute to the colors, played by Trumpeter David Mendel. Donald Broverman, president of the Student's Council, explained the purpose of the assembly and led the student body in the singing of the national anthem and in the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Then followed a speech by Leonard Gordon on the meaning of V-E Day; the reading of an original poem "Ode to Victory" by Ann Wierum; and the singing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" by the school. William Kleinhandler voiced the sentiments of the student body in his moving tribute "To Our Fighting Men," and Mr. Strout spoke feelingly of our reasons for gratitude as he led us in a period of silent prayer. This was followed by "A Hymn of Thanksgiving" sung by Earl Proper and "America" sung by the school. After the assembly the students returned to their home rooms, where in a ten minute period a 100% record in the sale of War Stamps was achieved.



A Period of Silent Prayer During V E Day Assembly

LET'S PUT THIS OVER!

Pittsfield High's goal for the 7th War Loan—\$70,000.

It is hoped that the biggest showing of the patriotism of our students and faculty will be made during this present War Loan drive.

With the fighting in Europe now over, we are everywhere constantly reminded that Japan still has to be defeated. Bullets will still fly; men will still be killed and wounded. And so, very appropriately, the money raised at P. H. S. in this War Loan will go toward buying ambulances, which are sorely needed. Each of these costs \$2000.

We are being called on to back our men in the Pacific for whom victory still lies a long distance away. Let's not only reach our goal—but go over the top. That would be a fitting close to our school's year of hard work.

During this past year, buying war stamps and bonds has been a regular occurrence at P. H. S. Pupils and teachers have cooperated in making many rooms 100% for many months. One of the outstanding records was made by Room 110, which achieved 100% on the first day for eight consecutive months.

In September, at the end of the 6th War Loan Drive, Pittsfield High turned over the \$50,000 which it collected to the American Legion. They put this money toward a hospital ship, which was bought as a result of our help.

From January 1 until the end of April, \$11,004.90 has been accredited to our school. The high during these months was the January total of \$3,516.50.

P. H. S. scored a personal victory on V-E Day by having the entire school 100% in the sale of war stamps and bonds. As a result the school received a citation from the Massachusetts Office of the War Finance program for "its patriotic cooperation in the War Finance program."

One of the many people who deserve much credit for our success is Al Totaro, the hard-working chairman of the Student Stamp committee.

DEBATING CLUB NEWS

Upon invitation by the Lee High Debating Club, the PHS team went to Lee on May 2 for a discussion at an assembly. The subject of the affair was "What to do with Germany after the War?" On the panel for Pittsfield were Paul Rich, Robert Formel, Edith Parnell and Donald Broverman. The two Pittsfield speakers, also on the panel, were William Kleinhandler and Leonard Gordon. Representing the floor committee were Barbara Burgner, William Richards, Willard LaCass and Charles Bordeau. Following a heated and successful discussion, both clubs were feted at a luncheon. Mr. Joseph McGovern, club adviser, made all arrangements for the trip.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB NEWS

At the April 27th meeting of the Motion Picture Club Minnie Russo gave a summary of "A Song to Remember" (Merle O'Beron, Paul Muni, Cornel Wilde). The authenticity of characters in the movie was discussed at length and compared with the actual story of the life of Frederic Chopin.

The subject of the newly revised constitution of the Club was brought up by the President, Joshua Alpern, at this meeting. Article IV, sections C and D, was amended after which the article was accepted in full. The reading of the remainder of the Constitution will be held at the next regular meeting.

The Motion Picture Club has selected "Thunderhead" (Roddy McDowall) as the subject of the May meeting.

The officers and adviser of the Club are planning the annual meeting to be given at the home of the vice-president, Robertine Watson, on June 7th. All of the members of the club are cordially invited.

NEW OFFICERS FOR TRI-HI AND HI-Y

During the last few weeks, the "Y" has been buzzing with activity. The climax to all this activity was the initiation at a joint meeting on May 16, of the newly elected Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y officers. All the clubs have also had their pictures taken—mighty good ones, too.

Alpha's new officers include the following: president, Marjorie Hoxtor; vice-president, Carol Gerlach; secretary, Elizabeth Williams; treasurer, Constance Warren; and chaplain-warden, Muriel Butler. Beta elected as president, Marjorie Sottung; vice-president, Carolyn Budrow; secretary, Barbara Goldsmith; treasurer, Barbara Grant; warden, Robertine Watson; and chaplain, Janet Clark. Gamma will vote next week. Delta elected president, Carmina Zofrea; vice-president, Theresa Tysiewski; secretary, Marjorie Theboda; treasurer, Marion Jasik; warden, Therese Walsh; and chaplain, Phyl-

lis Meijnasczyk. Zeta's include president, Jeanne Murphy; vice-president, Mary Morano; secretary, Marie Lowery; treasurer, Mildred Monteleone; warden, Betty Cordell, and chaplain, Ann Kelly. Senior elected Marney Wood, president; William Johnson and Joe Bolster, vice-presidents; Joseph Nigrelli, secretary; Ted Cornock, treasurer; Chris Barreca, chaplain; and Warren Bouchane, warden. Finally, Torch elected Charles Volk, president; Warren Harmon, vice-president; Dick Lederer, secretary; John Potter, treasurer; Charles Hunt, warden; and Dave Mendell, chaplain.

The Tri-Hi-Y's are busy planning banquets. Sigma's will be May 31 at the Irving House in Dalton, but the other clubs are still shopping for eating places that will serve as many as twenty-five or thirty people.

Alpha recently had a spaghetti supper of which Sonya Rapkowick was chairman, and is planning a hot dog roast at Camp Merrill sometime during the first part of June. Beta's hay ride of May 2 proved quite a success despite threatening weather. Gamma met with Torch on May 2, and a week later helped pack boxes at the Red Cross. Sigma's Truth and Consequence Show of May 4th netted a tidy sum. Zeta recently initiated and inducted a group of new members.

OASIS

The Oasis committees for 1945-46 were announced in May. These committees are composed of representatives from the different Hi-Y clubs and include: Barbara Kinghorn and Chuck Volk, co-chairmen; Pat O'Hearn, secretary-treasurer; Jeanne Murphy and John Potter, checking; Dave Mendell, music; Marion Jasik, admissions; Elinor Shipton and Chris Barecca, hostesses and hosts; Bill Adams, publicity; Betty Tanch, special features; Dick Lederer, rooms. We feel sure the Oasis, thus piloted will have clear sailing through next year.



OUR NEW ED

At a recent meeting of the STUDENT'S PEN Club, Mary Ellen Criscitiello was chosen editor-in-Chief of THE PEN for the school year beginning September, 1945. An editor in the family is nothing new to the Criscitiellos, for Mary Ellen's brother Modestino, now in the U. S. Navy, edited THE PEN three years ago.

At present, Mary Ellen is a member of the staff as essay editor, and several of her delightful writings have appeared in various issues of THE PEN. Outside of school (she has no favorite subject, by the way), Mary Ellen likes to sail, listen to good music, and eat her mother's spaghetti and Maryland fried chicken.

With a year of essay editing behind her, Mary Ellen should be perfectly at ease as editor-in-chief, and we are all looking forward to reading her editorials in next year's PENS. We're rooting for you, Mary Ellen.

THE JUNIOR PROM

May 25th is THE date that marks one of the big events of our school year.

Bill Adams, one of our most prominent juniors, was general chairman of the Prom, and he was assisted by the following committees:

Decorations—Martin Pullano, chairman; Doris Cella, Shirley Grant, James Coughlin, Barbara Goldsmith, Warren Harmon, Warren Root, Joan Fossa, William Hapgood.

Ticket Committee—Joseph Bolster, chairman; Edward Reagan, Caroline Cole, George Romasco, Robert Pendergast, Rosemary Barile, John Moran, Fred Schulze, Marion Jasik, Edwin Potter.

Music Committee—Richard Lederer, chairman; Donald Davis, Barbara Krause, Albert Bianchi, Mary Mezzack, Joan Burns.

House Committee—William Gruning, Chairman; Bernard Hubbard, Joseph Loehr, Joseph Hines, Ralph Hockridge, Eugene Gregory, Robert Kiontke, August Beckman.

Invitation Committee—Florence Bushey, chairman; Eleanor Bearzi, Mildred Montel-éone, Mary O'Donnell, Lovesta Nobbs, Ann Wierum.

Program Committee—Mary Ellen Criscitiello, chairman; Vincent Carpino, Daniel Carrol, Priscilla Ostrander, Mary Richards.

Publicity Committee—Kay Byrne, chairman; Pat Tierney, Ann Wierum, Elizabeth Williams, Louis Principe, Christopher Barreca, Shirley Dartt.

Refreshment Committee—Rita Shelsy, chairman; Marjorie Sottung, Rosemary Mills, Jean Yarmey, Roy Cadorette, Irving McCoy, Norman Crocker, George Kordiluk, Earl Wheeler.

Reception Committee—Elaine Barnes, chairman, Jeanne Cusato, Phyllis Mlynarczyk, Muriel Bookless, Jeanne Murphy, Doris Keene, David Mendel, Tom Barile, John Goewey, George Brooks, Burton Keeler.

Checking Committee—John Holleran, chairman; John Potter, Warren Root, Sumner Shaw.

Sammy Vincent's orchestra played for dancing from nine to twelve. Everyone had a grand time.

CLASS DAY COMMITTEE

Plans are being formulated for Class Day by Chairman Ugo Alessio and his committee which includes Marilyn Gerlach, Jane Howard, Bill Kleinhandler, Elihu Martin, Mary Miller, Bill Prendergast, and Dick Southworth. Miss McCormick and Mr. Joyce are assisting with the plans.

ASSEMBLIES

On April 25 we had Dr. Young of Los Angeles, California give us an interesting speech on "Why Better English?" Dr. Young proved to us that good English is a most important requirement in all kinds of jobs. We spelled and pronounced certain words which Dr. Young gave us. Dr. Young delivered his message in a most arresting manner, holding everyone's attention for an entire 45 minutes! Yes, P. H. S. students do have manners!

On May 8 we had movies on India and South Africa. Both movies were from the March of Time newsreel. In the movies we learned of the government of India and South Africa, their natural resources, the customs of its people, and the trouble Great Britain has with these colonies. We learned that in India, Mahatma Gandhi is the only one whom most of the people of India will obey, but that in South Africa, General Smuts is highly respected by all as Premier in time of peace, and Commander-in-Chief in time of war.

HERE AND THERE

Congratulations to the teachers and students who participated in the V-E Day Assembly. It was enjoyed and appreciated by every member of the student body.

Seniors, the great day is almost here—in two weeks, graduation!!

Where did Priscilla Ostrander get the name "Cuddles", and what about Ginny Roth being dubbed "Rickey".

The A.Z.A. had quite an initiation this

year. Yes—Seigel and Skole were making the new "recruits" miserable.

Does Lorraine like Jack Leahy? Study Hall 212 would like to know.

Nancy DeLoye has been accepted at R. P. I. and is going to study in hopes of being a chemical engineer. Ah me! One girl to every 25 boys at R. P. I. Some fun.

"Mr. Bones", the genuine skeleton owned by P. H. S., really doesn't care for Lucky Strike cigarettes. Willard La Casse—please note!

Coralie Howe claims that you can have a BURNING friendship with "Cork" and "Wood".

The P. H. S. library should be used for reference work only—please explain to Carol Hyatt, the "Glamorous Glamazon."

Why are so many boys crowding around the Udel Studio? Answer—Velma Merletto, Connie Biedrzcki, and Marilyn Gerlach's yearbook pictures are on display. B-O-N-G!

Betty Gardiner spent another exciting weekend at West Point. These KAYDETS!

They say "Wishing will make it so", Miss Casey. Maybe you'll get those French verbs hung on the trees outside the windows yet.

Georgia Spring and Charlotte Leavitt have been humming "Anchors Aweigh" lately. John McColgan and Eddie Genn are going to don Uncle Sam's Navy blue.

The Senior girls suggest a new name for P. H. S., "Miss Parker's Seminary for Girls."

Anne Gultinan's luck number is one. She has a one track mind for her one and only fellow that she won, by the name of Eddie Bushey, Destroyer Escort one eighty one!! (What one wouldn't like to change places with him?)

Why is it Frank Blowe likes Bobbie socks?

Do we wonder why Dick Southworth runs home every night? (Foiled again—just waiting for his orders from Uncle Sam!)

Ruth Powell buying Dickies!



THE STUDENT COUNCIL, 1945

Front Row: Mr. Roy M. Strout, Principal; Betty Barstow, Damon Phinney, Donald Broverman, President of the Council; Barbara Kinghorn, Rosemary Durwin, Doris Cella, Jane Kruczkowski.
Second Row: August Marra, Thomas Evans, George Ditmar, David Sullivan, David Thompson, Alfred Bishop, Albert Bianchi, Martin Flynn.

ORCHIDS TO:

The Student Stamp Committee and chairman, Al Totaro, for helping to put over the War Loan Drives at P. H. S.

The Student Council and its President, Donald Broverman.

The football team and co-captains "Kinky" Gomes, "Mickey" McColgan for a successful season.

Marguerite Sacchetti—elected D.A.R. Good Citizen.

The cast and chorus of "Ruddigore" for a delightful evening's entertainment.

The basketball team, with Emil Fontana as captain, for giving St. Joe a beating!

The cheerleaders and their able director, Betty Barstow.

The band and orchestra of '45 and their conductor, Mr. Carl F. Gorman.

Bill Adams and his Junior Prom Committees.

P. H. S. ski team on winning the Inter-scholastic ski meet for the third successive time.

Tom Evans, Senior Class President, and the other class officers who are truly representative of the class of '45.

The Yearbook staff and its chairman, Bob Formel.

Alden Brosseau, P. H. S. representative, for winning the Western Massachusetts Oratorical Contest.

The Bowling team which won the Western Massachusetts tournament.

Miss McNaughton, Mrs. May, and students who participated in the gym exhibition.

The Good Will Committee chairman, Mary Miller, for two years of diligent work.

Junior Class Officers (Hearn, Turner, La Porte, Meizerjewski, and Hanson) and best wishes to the Class of '46.

CHORAL CONCERT

On May 18 the annual concert given by the Girls' Glee Club and A Cappella Choir was held in the auditorium under the direction of Mr. Carl Gorman. The program was presented in three parts.

The first part consisted of selections by the Glee Club. Each number was well rendered and showed the careful training of Mr. Gorman. Theresa Gauvreau sang with much feeling "Almighty Lord"—Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana. The second soloist was Eileen Costello, who sang "Last Night" in her usual capable manner.

During the second part, selections from Ruddigore were given. The cast performed with as much enthusiasm as they did in the operetta.

The third part was by the A Cappella Choir. They presented each song with clear, light tones. Jean May sang in French the "Havanera" from "Carmen." This piece was by far the outstanding number of the evening.

At the close of Miss May's selection Mr. Gorman explained that this was the first time a student from Pittsfield High had sung a song in a foreign language, and stressed that it wouldn't be the last. Congratulations are due also to Betty Pucko and Ruth Milne, accompanists throughout the program.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

By Donald Sweeney & Arnold Robinson

Steel plate used in the Welding Department is now being brought from the G-E by the school truck. Boys in the shop load and unload it.

The welders are being kept busy in the auto department working on truck frames and motor stands.

Four D.C. (direct current) welding generators have been returned from the G-E in Lynn after having been completely overhauled.

Work is being started in renewing all welding table tops in preparation for the next term.

A shadow box is being made, which will make possible the use of slide projection in the shop related classroom.

A forge is being installed, which will conserve the use of oxy-acetylene gases in heating and forming operations.

The woodworking shop is making 250 writing boards for the use of wounded service men in hospitals in connection with the Red Cross.

They are also repairing and painting benches for the Dawes School P. T. A. The Wood Working Shop has a new 16 in. Oliver jointer added to their equipment.

The Printing Department is printing programs for Mr. Gorman's next concert in the high school. Type setting was covered nicely by Michael Harrington.

A new drafting board has been added to the drafting room. It measures 36 in. by 64 in. and has a parallel straight edge. It is used for large scale drawings.

Five seniors from the drafting department are working at May's Engineering Company on a cooperative basis.

Pfc. George Schiffman, wounded at Cologne, was in school a week or two ago to see some of his old teachers. George is in the infantry. He will be working at the May's Engineering Co. while on his 90 day occupational furlough.

Lewis Grandshaw, a graduate of Woodworking Shop, also was in school visiting. He was at the Remagen Bridge when it fell and he said that the army is working day and night to repair it.

Pfc. Byron Clark is home from the Saar Basin, Germany.

Staff Sergeant Joseph Garden, 1942 Drafting Department graduate, visited us. Home after 33 bombing missions over Germany in a B-24, he is on a 24 day furlough and is to be reassigned.

Kenneth Phelp has just joined the Marines. Francis De Cillio is in the Navy, and Francis Woodstock is waiting to be called.

Grâce à

AS Ye Editor looks back over the year she is conscious of her indebtedness to many persons who have helped to lighten her task of editing THE STUDENT'S PEN. To all of these she wishes to express her gratitude. Grâce à.

Indispensable Miss PFEIFFER, of whom all we can say is:

"Hither, as to their fountain,

Other stars returning

In their golden urns draw light."

MR. HENNESSEY, who cheerfully and successfully has conducted those who pay for THE STUDENT'S PEN.

HELEN RAVAGE, who for two years has headed the advertising staff that plays so important a role in our publication.

MARY ELLEN CRISCITIELLO, who has overseen the essay department, and to whom I wish the best of luck in her role of Editor-in-Chief for the coming year.

BETTY BURGESS, who has edited all short stories appearing in THE PEN, and contributed many of her own.

GERTRUDE GIESE, whose poetry has added much charm and grace to our magazine.

JEAN MAY and JOAN FOSSA, who together have collected and corrected the many pages of "School Notes."

ALAN SIMON for his effective art work, and to MARILYN REDER and MURIEL BUTLER for "holding the birdie."

WARREN HARMON, for his monthly coverage of the Boys' Sports.

JOAN COUGHLIN, who has related the many successes of girls in sports at P. H. S.

LEONARD GORDON, who single-handed has written the most widely read Page for Freshmen.

MR. SCHARMANN, our printer, and all those who helped him produce our STUDENT'S PEN. That well-known biblical character was a piker compared with them.

MR. GILSON and MR. FARNON, the super combination of A-1 engravers.

THE MISSES CORCORAN and NUGENT for dashing off many last minute notices.

TO ALL of the EDITORIAL and ADVERTISING STAFFS, without whose efforts publication would have been impossible.

TO ALL the READERS of THE STUDENT'S PEN for their encouragement and commendation.

JANE HOWARD, Editor.

STAFF NOTE:

Who's always full of ardent vim?

That's JANE.

Who rushes all the copy in?

That's JANE.

And when the deadline date draws nigh,

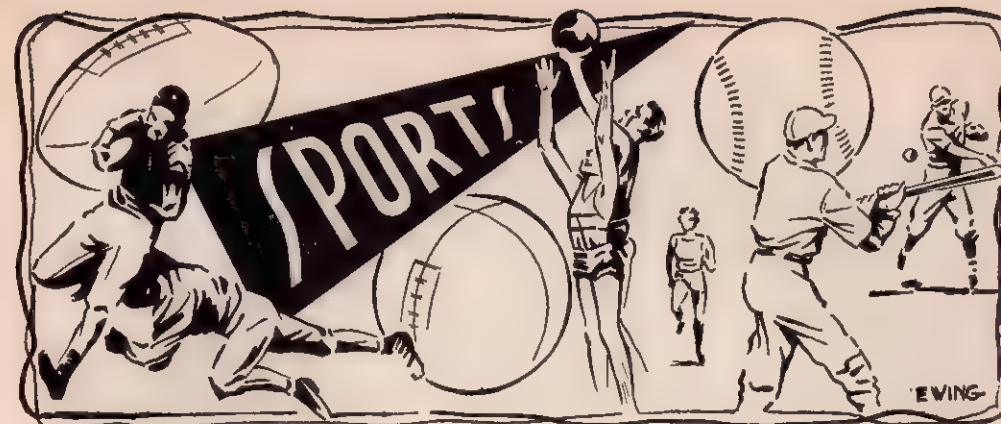
It's JANE who gets us there on high;

Three rousing cheers are given by

The Staff, for JANE.

SENIOR BANQUET

The plans for the Senior banquet and dance are well under way under the careful attention of the general co-chairmen, Dorothy Milne and Donald Broverman. Soon we will see Elihu Martin and his committee running through the halls with their hands filled with tickets. Alden Brosseau's committee is planning toasts (not the edible kind!) for the banquet. The music committee, headed by William Prendergast, has chosen Harry Noring's orchestra to play for the dance. Peggy Head and her assistants are writing the invitations for the banquet and dance. Co-chairmen Ruth-Marie Powell and Charles Freehoffer, with the help of their committee, are gathering decorations to make a cheerful atmosphere for the occasion. David Sullivan and his committee are putting together the dance programs so that each pretty miss will not have the same dance with two gentlemen.



TRACKMEN COME FROM BEHIND TO WIN 49-46

By Warren Harmon

A determined P. H. S. track team in its first meet of the season came from behind to beat Berkshire School in a thrilling finale by three points on that rainy Saturday, May 5th.

For a while in the first part of the meet, those long, glum faces of the Pittsfield boys showed that we were pretty well behind, but the team really began to get somewhere when a clean sweep was made in the half mile. Yes, sir! It certainly looked good to see those four men in purple jerseys cross the finish line followed by two tired Berkshire boys.

That started the ball rolling. Pittsfield struck another blow for victory by taking first and second places in the javelin throw, which was immediately followed by another first and second in the broad jump, giving P. H. S. enough of an edge to win the meet by three points.

The two top point winners were Damon (Moose) Phinney with twelve points and Al Bishop with ten. Damon had a first in the high jump (5 ft. 2 in.), a tie for first in the half mile (2:18), and a second place in the javelin. Al did 19 ft. 7 in. to win in the broad jump, and heaved the "jav" 123 ft. 8 in. for another first.

Some of the races and field events were interrupted because of the frequent downpours but the excellent condition of the track and field helped to keep the marks and times pretty well up to par.

Pittsfield took the following places:

Broad Jump—Won by Al Bishop, Ugo Alessio 2nd, Berkshire 3rd. Distance 19 ft. 7 in.

High Jump—Won by Damon Phinney, Berkshire 2nd, Berkshire 3rd. Height 5 ft. 2 in.

Shot Put—Won by Berkshire, Berkshire 2nd, Leonard Gordon, 3rd. Distance 36 ft. 9 in.

Discus—Won by Berkshire, Paul Rich 2nd, Renton Carsley 3rd. Distance 93 ft. 9 in.

Javelin—Won by Bishop, Phinney 2nd, Berkshire 3rd. Distance 123 ft. 8 in.

Pole Vault—Wolfson of Berkshire and Warren Harmon (tied), Jerry Reder 3rd. Height 9 ft.

100 Yard Dash—Won by Berkshire, Alessio 2nd, Berkshire 3rd. Time 10.9

440 Yard Run—Won by Berkshire, Bill Kleinhandler 2nd, Berkshire 3rd. Time 58.2

880 Yard Dash—Phinney and Joe Bolster (tied), Keehnle 3rd. Time 2.18

120 Yard Relay—Won by Berkshire. Time 1.45

120 Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Berkshire, Bill Prendergast 2nd, Berkshire 3rd. Time 15.1.



BASEBALL TEAM

First Row: Johnson, Campbell, Caden, Heide, King, Archambeault, Goewey, Carpino, Carmel, Parker, Mele.
Second Row: Quadrozzi, Fontana, Prendergast, Lander, Gwinnell, Ginsberg, George Ditmar, Galli, Potter, Totaro, Bianchi, Villanova, Arthur Ditmar.
Third Row: Cronin, Robak, Higgins, Romasco, Leahy, Hinman, Lake, Van Loon, Rosazza, Coughlin, Bouchane (Manager).

PITTSFIELD 17 - WILLIAMSTOWN 0

By David L. Carpenter

On May 14, Pittsfield High registered its second successive Northern Berkshire Baseball League win, as it scored an overwhelming victory by the score of 17-0 over Williamstown. For the second successive time Pittsfield won due to loose fielding by her opponents.

However, in this game Pittsfield hit the ball a little better than in her previous try, getting a total of eight hits; two triples one by George Ditmar and one by N. Carmel; two doubles, one by Jack Lander, and one by "Snuffy" Potter; and four singles.

Coach Stewart started with Armand

Quadrozzi on the mound. He stayed in two innings, giving up one hit and one base on balls. He struck out two and hit one batter with a pitched ball. Next came Art Ditmar to the mound, and he lasted for three innings, giving up three hits, walking no one, and striking out four batters. Prendergast relieved Ditmar and allowed one hit, struck out three batters and allowed no bases on balls in two innings.

Coach Stewart started with his second team and used a total of twenty-five players. Pittsfield High's infield was air tight and did not commit an error throughout the seven inning contest.

PITTSFIELD 9—DALTON 4

By David Carpenter

Due to seven unearned runs, Pittsfield High was able to push over a win against Dalton in her first Northern Berkshire League start of the season at Clapp Park on May 9.

It was a real heartbreaker for Bill Hoxie, Dalton's pitcher. He allowed only three hits and two earned in a seven inning contest. Regardless of his good pitching, the Dalton infield continued to boot the ball around, and so the game was won by P. H. S.

George Ditmar started for Pittsfield on the mound and lasted the whole game. He allowed seven hits and four runs.

Pittsfield's first run came in the first when Reynolds kicked two ground balls by Lander, and Galli and Lander scored on Len Ginsberg's infield out.

Pittsfield then scored again in the third and that was enough to clinch the game. Aiding our cause in the third was a lusty triple by Art Gwinnell, P. H. S. right fielder.

Again in the sixth, Pittsfield scored when Pete Caden got hit by a pitch. Jack Lander singled solidly to enter, George Ditmar doubled to right for two runs, and scored when Dalton's first baseman, Bill Wilder muffed Al Totaro's high fly behind first. Jack Lander starred afield for P. H. S.

PITTSFIELD 3—LEE 3

By David L. Carpenter

Coach Charles E. Stewart's baseball team nosed out Lee High 3 to 2 at Clapp Park on April 30. It was the first action seen by either team this year and both coaches seemed fairly well satisfied at seeing their teams in operation.

Pittsfield scored its first run in the first inning on a single by Jack Lander, the first batter, a base on balls and a fielder's choice. P. H. S. added another run in the second on a base on balls to Gwinnell; "Snuffy" Potter's sacrifice and a line single to right by Al Bianchi, on which Gwinnell scored.

Lee scored twice in the fourth on a walk, a double, and Johnson's failure to touch Mougins, Lee's left fielder in a close play at first.

P. H. S. scored the winning marker in the fifth when Ginsberg hit a show to third and was safe on an error, went to second on a wild pitch, and scored when the pitcher's toss on Gwinnell's sacrifice got away from the catcher.

George Ditmar started on the mound for Pittsfield and allowed one hit in the three innings he worked. Robert (Bees) Prendergast, who relieved him, gave one hit, but that was Gibbons's double, with which Lee was able to score her two runs.

Joe Galli played a very good defensive game in left field.

P. H. S. SWAMPS DRURY 65½ to 38½

Warren Harmon

In its second rainy meet of the season the Pittsfield High track team took its second victory under the usual trying conditions. In its only home appearance of this year at Clapp Park, May 18, the boys came through with twenty-seven points to spare taking eight first places plus the half-mile relay.

Damon Phinney was the all around star on the team taking fifteen points on three first places. Starting in the high jump he topped all others with a five foot two inch jump. After resting awhile he entered the mile run and won it. Taking the lead at once he ran a very steady race and at times held a good hundred yard lead. However, on the last lap Joe Bolster opened up with a very strong kick and finished in second place only a few feet behind him. In the half-mile Damon again took the early lead but was passed on the last turn by Pierce of Drury, who, however, was unable to hold his small lead and a last second sprint down the stretch by Phinney won for Pittsfield. Dash man, Ugo Alessio, runner up for Pittsfield with ten points, took the hundred yard dash in the fast time of 10:8.5 and

ran the outside lane in the 220 in twenty-four seconds for his second win.

Bill Kleinhandler turned in a creditable 57.3 quarter mile for first place and A. Bishop led the broad jumpers who had an exceptionally tough time of it because the ground, softened by the rain, was badly dug up and made it hard to get off a half decent jump.

Drury was strongest in the weight events with Rosasco taking firsts in the discus and javelin, and Melillo winning the shot put with a thirty-seven foot heave. Rosasco was high man for Drury with thirteen points, taking three additional points for second in the pole vault.

The summary:

Mile run—Won by Phinney; Bolster, 2nd; Drury, 3rd. Time: 5.14.

880-yd. run—Won by Phinney; Drury, 2nd; Bolster, 3rd. Time: 2.17.

440-yd. run—Won by Kleinhandler; Broverman, 2nd; Drury, 3rd. Time: 57.3.

220-yd. dash—Won by Alessio; Drury, 2nd; Drury, 3rd. Time: 2.4.

100-yd. dash—Won by Alessio; Drury, 2nd; Drury, 3rd. Time: 10:8.5.

880-yd. relay—Won by Pittsfield (Crawford, Rash, Betit, Debacher). Time: 2.07.

High jump—Won by Phinney; Drury, 2nd; Andrews, 3rd. Height: 5 ft. 2 in.

Broad jump—Won by Bishop; Drury, 2nd; Drury, 3rd. Distance: 17 ft. 1 in.

Pole vault—Won by Harmon; Drury, 2nd; Reder and Le Fave (Drury) tied for 3rd. Height: 8 ft. 6 in.

Shot put—Won by Drury; Gregory, 2nd; Gordon, 3rd. Distance: 37 ft.

Discus—Won by Drury; Rich, 2nd; Carsley, 3rd. Distance: 113 ft. 2 in.

Javelin—Won by Drury; Gregory, 2nd; Marra, 3rd. Distance: 132 ft. 5 in.

GIRLS' SPORTS

GYM EXHIBITION

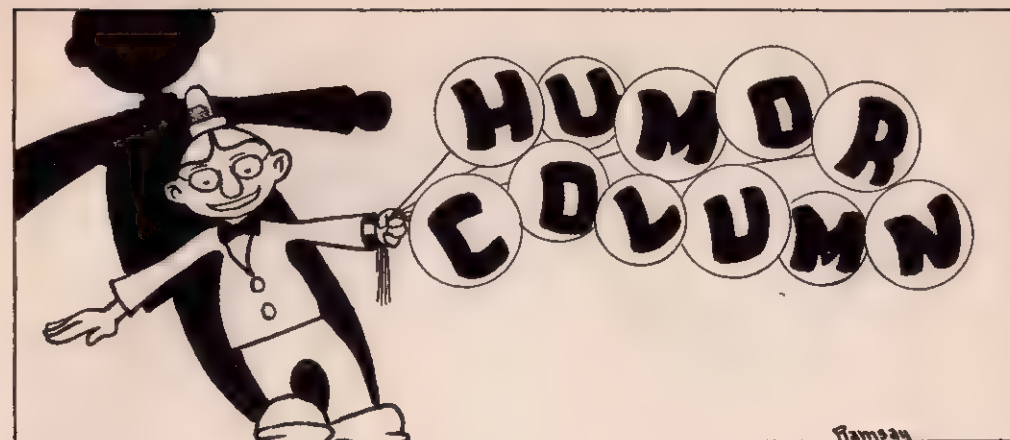
The girls of P. H. S. presented an entertaining program at an assembly, May 15, in observance of National Health Week. There were nine different parts, and sixty-two girls participated. Lois Shipton introduced the three classes. The first number was a march by sixteen juniors. Following this, was a dance, The Sailor's Horn Pipe, in which four junior girls participated. An Irish lilt, danced by two sophomores, was next on the list, followed by Eileen Costello, singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Then a very unusual act of tumbling was put on by six senior girls.

A gym exhibition is never complete without some exercises, and the fifth act displayed exercises of 1900 contrasted with those of 1945. These hilarious "Commando tactics" were performed by sophomores. A scarecrow dance, done by six juniors was next and was one of the most popular acts on the program. The last act was a modern dance presented by girls from last winter's modern dance class. After these numbers, a fashion show brought the program to a close.

Miss McNaughton and Mrs. May, our able gym instructors, are to be congratulated on presenting one of the most interesting programs the school has had this year.

SOFTBALL

As the school term draws to a close, the girls in the gym are playing softball, the late spring sport. The weather thus far has not permitted frequent practising, consequently the sport has not progressed as fast as usual. The junior team ought to be excellent this year as it has many veteran players. Last spring it was a better than average sophomore team. The competition between the seniors and juniors ought to be most interesting this year.



AMBITION

By Lois Naeve

I wish that I could write a "pome"

For English class today;

My teacher would be pleased with me;

Perhaps I'd get an "A".

Alas, alack! I can't succeed

In getting words to rhyme.

I fear I'll have to be content

To get an "F" this time.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Elaine Katsh

For nine full years I felt the pain

Of having teachers call, "Elaine!"

"Elaine, sit down!" "Elaine, recite!"

"Elaine, don't talk!" "Elaine, don't write!"

Yes

Through nine whole years—for no excuse—

My name and I met much abuse.

But now, at last, the worm has turned:

"Elaine, sit down!" completely spurned;

For Pittsfield High has found its match.

The order now: "Recite, Miss Katsh!"

Barbara Brown: "Come quick, Jimmy has swallowed a bottle of ink!"

Joan Burns: "Incredible!"

B. B.: "No, indelible"

Miss Kaliher: "Why are you late?"

Susie S.: "Class started before I got here."

Miss Daley: "You can't sleep in my class."

Bill Grunig: "Well, I could if you didn't talk so loud."

Tommy Evans: "Say something soft and sweet to me."

Barb Couch: "Custard pie . . ."

Bob Bernhardt: "If you refuse to be mine I'll jump off a two-hundred-foot cliff."

Leona Cone: "Oh, that's a lot of bluff."

Science Teacher: "What causes lights to go on?"

Blushing Blonde: "My father . . ."

Mr. Maloney (pointing to cigarette-end on floor): "King, is this yours?"

Jimmy K.: "Not at all, sir, You saw it first so you may have it . . ."

SOMETHING BORROWED

WHAT IS A KISS?

Noun: Because it's common and proper.

Pronoun: Because it's possessive.

Conjunction: Because it brings together.

Interjection: Because it shows feeling.

Verb: Because it acts upon an object.

Sentence: Because it expresses a complete thought.

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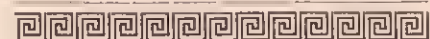
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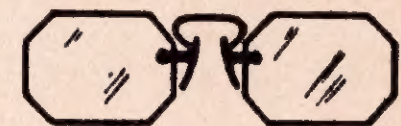
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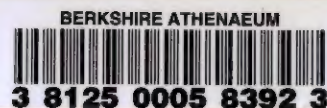
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